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J. M. FLAGG

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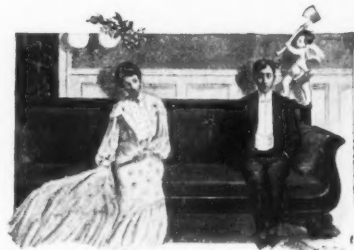
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Between the Devil and the Deep Sea



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Some People Need Special Treatment



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The Broken Lease

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A SUGGESTION.

A Card.

O the man who has asked me for a small loan.

My Friend: You have asked me for the loan of a certain amount, stating that you needed it only for a short time and that you would pay me back by a certain date.

In reply to your request, I might state that I happened to be short of ready cash just now, and regret exceedingly that I cannot comply with your request.

But I shall do none of this. I shall refuse you the money on other grounds—grounds which I shall endeavor to make plain to you, so that the matter may not again come up between us.

In the first place, I would have you

know at once that I am no moralist. My refusal is not based upon any absurd notion as to the deteriorating effect that a compliance with your request may have upon your character. Whether to let you have the money will do you good, or will you do harm, is no concern of mine. You have arrived at your present dilemma through agencies which are entirely personal to you. You may have inherited certain weaknesses which make it impossible for you to turn yourself to a proper account, or circumstances may have really been against you. But whether it is Bad Luck, Fatalism or Folly is entirely outside of my province to determine.

No, my friend, I am refusing you the loan for other reasons, purely selfish.

The fact is, that I like you. Your faults, so long as they do not obtrude themselves upon me, do not matter. But your virtues have contributed much to my pleasure and satisfaction in the past, and to be candid with you, I am just grasping enough to wish them to continue to do so in the future.

The moment that we tamper with money affairs, all will then be over.

You may be a scamp or a scalawag. What matters this to me so long as this part of you does not bother me? Or if you are simply unfortunate, the same result follows.

And so, my friend, I say to you, if you will, borrow the money of some other.

But leave the rest of yourself to me.
Tom Masson.





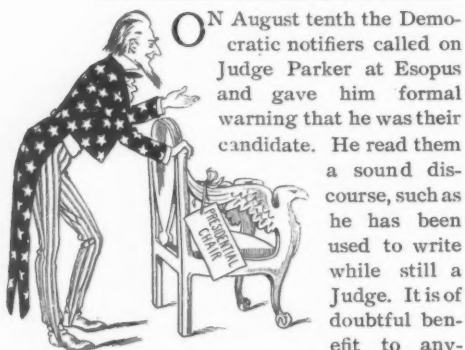
"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XLIV. AUGUST 25, 1904. No. 1139.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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ON August tenth the Democratic notifiers called on Judge Parker at Esopus and gave him formal warning that he was their candidate. He read them a sound discourse, such as he has been used to write while still a Judge. It is of doubtful benefit to anybody's literary aspirations to be a Judge, because whatever a Judge writes has to be accepted and paid for, whereas newspaper writers and magazine writers, such as President Roosevelt was, are constrained to make interesting "copy." So it is with professional politicians. They have got to strike sparks, or they don't get anywhere. Judge Parker is not a practised hypnotic orator like William Bryan, nor an experienced essayist and confidential public speaker with a literary bureau back of him like President Roosevelt. The piece he read to the notifiers had no clamorous defects. Indeed it was a good piece, but it seemed to lack ginger. Nevertheless, the notifiers, who had spent several hours of a wet day on a steamboat coming from New York, received it with much heartiness. They have all since agreed severally that it was strong; many of them think it wonderful, and Patrick McCarren declares it was a masterpiece. Martin Littleton says it was absolutely the sincerest utterance to which he ever listened, and

indeed it does sound perfectly sincere.

The Judge said he was for the gold standard and the St. Louis platform, and that, if elected, he would not be a candidate for re-election. Deprecating all intention to criticise any two-term President, he said, in effect, that it was his judgment that the interests of the country were now so vast that second-term considerations ought not to be suffered to affect the independence of the Chief Magistrate. He commended the Constitution, and said that the tariff needed revision, that the common law could best deal with the trusts, that the Filipinos must eventually have independence, that we should not meddle needlessly in disputes of foreign countries, and that militarism is not good for us.



IT was a sensible address, but because the Judge has long been a Judge, and thinks and writes and speaks like a Judge, his deliverances sound like the outpourings of a closet statesman. It may be that President Roosevelt has fed us so much fire, and so hurled the dust of the arena into our eyes and noses, that we can no longer taste anything but strong stuff. Anyway, our good old friend, *The Sun*, which has long been wondering which candidate should have its support, finds nothing in the Judge's effort to encourage the belief that the Democratic candidate can dominate his party. So with some enthusiasm, born doubtless of relief, it alights from the political fence and comes heartily out for Roosevelt and the Republican party. To have settled *The Sun's* mind was a work of mercy, which may well gratify Judge Parker's benevolence, but, that good work accomplished, the question is as much as ever before the voters whether they want in the White House an aggressive or a conservative force. Judge Parker's address shows him more distinctly than ever to be the antithesis of President Roosevelt. Voters who want the very opposite of Colonel Roosevelt will vote for him. How is it to be with voters whose ruling desire

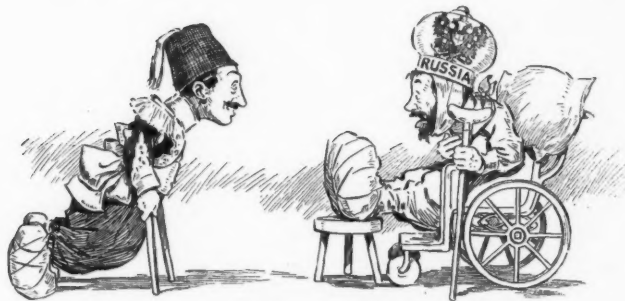
is for the rehabilitation and sanitation of the Democratic party? Will they see in Judge Parker a man masterful enough to accomplish that exceedingly important work?



JOSEPH FOLK is running for Governor of Missouri. It is stale news now how he won the nomination in the teeth of the Democratic politicians, the boodlers and all their friends. He is a true "people's candidate" and one of exceedingly inspiring qualities. If his grit and his principles hold out, there is no honor or office in the gift of the American people to which he may not hopefully aspire. Judge Parker says one term will be enough for him if he is elected. Undoubtedly he means it too. Practically the declaration amounts to very little; but whether the Judge wins or loses, his candidacy may leave his party in such condition as to make the careers of rising young Democrats like Folk of lively concern to our makers of Presidents.



THE managers of the St. Louis Fair have disclosed that their show is not as yet so crowded but that it might profit by increased attention from the newspapers. For various reasons it has not been so constant a topic of newspaper discourse as World's Fairs in this country have been before. The Chicago Fair was a novelty. The appetite for a new one was not yet fully grown when the intrusive Pan-American took the edge off it. And now neither the country nor its newspapers can get excited of their own motion about a Fair. But St. Louis has a great show, and the true season for it is now only just beginning. Its last three months will surely be by all odds its best months, and we hope they will be good enough to give its makers and managers material consolation.



ANOTHER SICK MAN



KING EDWARD INTRODUCES
A NEW STYLE IN TROUSERS.



UNCLE SAM — WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH THIS IF YOU WANT
A FLAG?

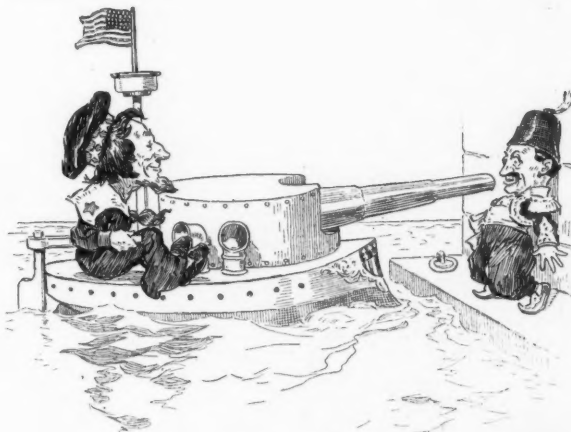


UNTIL THE BEEF STRIKE IS OVER.

F. RICHARDS.



COLLEGE ATHLETICS IN ENGLAND.



A FRIENDLY CALL ON TURKEY



A SCENE IN CONNECTICUT.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$5,396.29	S. and F.....	\$25.00
S. S. H.....	5.00	G. K. Fullagar.....	5.00
R. B. S.....	2.00	Peter and Sunshine.....	8.00
A Thanksoffering.....	3.00	C. C. Kendall.....	10.00
In Memory of Mrs. C. E. Potts.....	20.00	Receipts of sale—Litchfield	25.59
Three Sisters.....	25.00	Miss Betty Balch.....	1.00
Abbeline.....	25.00	Library employees—"New Britain".....	2.50
Cat Show, held by Alvin, Donald, Thomas and Dorothy.....	7.40	17 Battery Place.....	300.00
Receipts of two plays, given by Helen, Anna & Laura Elms, Mary Steel, Dorothy & Ruth Phillips & Marion & Ward Peterson.....	6.75	Mary Van.....	3.00
		Loving Memory of G. M. B.	25.00
		Cash.....	25.00
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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A PACKAGE of clothing from Mrs. Bishop, of Bridgeport, Conn.
 Package of clothing from Miss Mildred White, Ridgefield.
 Three barrels crackers from Chatland & Lenhart.
 Fireworks from Miss Woods and Miss Lychart, of New York.
 Package of clothing from Mrs. E. E. Higgins.

POSTALS FROM LIFE'S FARM.

Dear Aunty I have wrote you these few lines to tell you that I am getting along nicele better then I was at home. I like it here better then home. Please Aunty will you answer my letter back.

Your neice

I have a tod all to my self and I have a good time and drink all the milk.

Dear Mother I am having a grand time out here we are in swimming, picking apples and pears. Mamma tell little Milfort that I wish he was out here Mamma send me 20 cents I havent any.

I am your son.

FIRST CUBAN: How are these cigars, Señor?

SECOND CUBAN: Very good. But they are not like the cigars that mother used to make.

Royal Creases.

LONDON advices, dated August 6, recounted the appearance of King Edward at Newmarket in a white stovepipe hat. This was startling enough, for it is long since a white top hat has been seen in polite society in Great Britain. But the King also wore trowsers, and trowsers characterized by a revolutionary innovation. They had "two sets of creases arranged diagonally, so that the trowsers hung absolutely square." One would rather see the King's trowsers before discussing them, but still the imagination can cope with double-creased trowsers on the royal legs. The thing that prostrates the intellect is to conceive how His Majesty folds such trowsers when he goes to bed.



"NOW, JOHN, BE SURE TO BRING HOME THE SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES; THEY'RE OUT TO-DAY."

A Controversy.



IT may be generally conceded that automobiles are popular only with those who ride them. "They are not fair to outward view," and their charm is manifest to none but their possessors. The people who see them, the people who hear them, the people who smell them, the people who are run over by them, make no pretense of enjoyment. Nevertheless, having come to stay, they are accepted by Americans with tolerable composure. We either bear the ills of life more resignedly than do Englishmen, or we have less time to make them a subject of controversy. For weeks past a bitter war has been waged in Great Britain—not over the automobiles themselves, but over the mental and spiritual attitude of their riders. It arose from the unjustifiable language used by a conservative gentleman named Masingham, who asserted in the *Spectator* his opinion that automobilists were Philistines, and that "motoring" was a "Philistine pastime."

It is hard to understand why an Englishman's soul is seared by the word "Philistine," nor why it should arouse in him those angry passions which Doctor Watts has bidden us subdue. Why should a man who is innocently enjoying his automobile get out of it long enough to write indignant letters to the newspapers, explaining that speed is the least of his pleasures, that motoring is in reality an "intellectual pursuit," and that only a scientific mind can grasp its nobler delights. Driving a horse may be a "Philistine pastime"—Carlyle, we know, was of this opinion—but riding a motor is a scholastic joy.

Even the sporting terms have become a subject of dispute. The disaffected say that such words and phrases as "carburetor," "third speed," "ignition," "sprocket," and "sparkling-plug" add little to that "treasure of dex-



IT IS WONDERFUL HOW MUCH MORE BEAUTIFUL A LANDSCAPE IS WHEN THERE IS SOME ONE TO ENJOY IT WITH YOU.

trous felicities," the English language. Enthusiasts maintain that science demands correctness of expression rather than grace of speech. There is a great deal to be said on both sides, were it worth the saying; but when we see in a serious British weekly (which is the most serious thing on earth) a communication entitled "The Materialism of English Life," and find that it refers to the relative intellectuality of driving and motoring, we remember the words of that wise and weary philosopher, Marcus Aurelius, "There are things about which it is possible to have no opinion, and to keep an untroubled mind."

Agnes Repplier.

Appreciation.

IN this hardened and money-grabbing age, when cases of pure philanthropy are so scarce, it gives one pleasure to call attention to benevolent unselfishness in a big corporation.

According to their own showing, the telephone companies in and around this city, with two thousand subscribers, can do business at a fair profit with a certain scale of rates, while, unlike any other business under the sun, if their list of patrons increases to ten thousand, they must *increase* their rates, or proceed at a positive loss.

In spite of this, such is their true and earnest desire to benefit the public that, though it surely means loss to them, they not only advertise extensively, but endeavor by every other means in their power to secure a large increase of patronage.

What could be more noble than this regard for the public's good—that is, of course, if (their) figures do not lie?

And when one considers the language that patrons use to "Central" on such a slight provocation as being unable to secure a number after a brief ten minutes or so of waiting, it would almost seem that the companies are trying to live up to the Scriptural injunction about doing good to those that despitefully use you.



—AND JOHN DID.

Fall Styles in People.

"THE styles in people for the fall
Will be both trim and neat,
With no important change at all
In hands or eyes or feet.
There'll be a smaller size in brains,
So's not to discommode
In dodging autos, trucks and trains,"
Says Madame de la Mode.

"Though morals are in vogue this year,
They'll wear them rather low,
And many scandals will appear
In swell whole-cloth, you know.
New fads in fashionable disease
Will soon come in, no doubt,
For vermiform appendices
Have gone entirely out.

"Some Russian princes home from war
Have set the styles just now
And caused a perfect furore for
The new 'retreating brow.'
For Presidential goods the type
Will make the chappie glad—
The very quiet Parker stripe
Or the noisy Roosevelt plaid.

"Stripes will be worn by boodlers who
Last year were fond of checks;
Reformers will be proper, too,
With somewhat stiffer necks;
Brides will be trimmed with dollar signs,
The kind that won't corrode.
Thus all will fall in graceful lines,"
Says Madame de la Mode.

Wallace Irwin.

The Man on Horseback.

PERSONALLY conducting a tough aggregation of Western gun experts up various hills, in a past so remote as to seem medieval, Theodore Van Lochinvar Roosevelt, of Oyster Bay, rode out over the Gulf Stream to Cuba; and, after wading spur-deep in Spanish gore, he returned home a Popular Idol. Theodore had a well-defined ambition and a well-organized press-agency; he knew what he wanted and was unhampered by maiden modesty; and he intimated to Thomas the Cat, with a hand on his gun, that, unless his share of the political pie materialized at an early date, he might look for a rough house of liberal proportions. Thomas was up against it, and the kittens were alarmed; but being a wise and prudent tabby, he accepted the inevitable.

After a brief experience with Theodore, the Cat had sleepless nights. So calling his kittens together, Thomas

said: "The Broncho bids fair to kick the Machine to pieces, unless we can corral him in the political vermiform appendix. Get out, my children, and boom him for the Vice-Presidency; and when we have him stalled among the antique and doddering bores of our system, he will fade away and be forgotten." Theodore, carefully wrapped in tar balls, was laid away in the Senatorial Old Ladies' Home, and the Cat Family rejoiced. But suddenly the unexpected happened; Lochinvar became the Real Thing and migrated to the Chateau Blanc, where he not only filled the Presidential chair, but all the rest of the furniture in the neighborhood. He gave Civil Service Reform a vacation, while he provided clover for his friends and nettles for his foes; he made Dr. Wood a General and General Miles an outdoor patient; he put Ohio on hospital diet and placed Harvard in charge of the National Pie Counter. With a skill worthy of a veteran, he swatted several monopolies with a brass-band accompaniment, securing simultaneously thereby the silence of the Hot-Air Oracle of Nebraska and the shrill scoldings of the shrieking Sun.

As the distributor of useful things, rich, juicy jobs, he was the beloved of the Senate, the idol of the Expectant Hungry; and as party loyalty increases with the diameter of the barrel bung, Theodore Van Lochinvar Roosevelt grew in power and dignity until he filled the earth and congested the news wires, and postprandial office-holders declared he made Washington look like a care-worn dime.

His snortful contempt for Wall Street made Finance look haggard; and, as the irrigated trusts began to leak and shrink, and securities grew so indigestible that Harlem goats refused to browse on them, the directors of the Temple of the Holy Kerosene Can began to shake their heads, the captains and chevaliers of industry began to murmur, the Fakirs of Finance, who turn water into gold, howled, and the strident Sun of Wall Street threw fits, denounced Theodore as unsafe, and advertised for candidates who would stand without hitching.

But Theodore, watching the game and learning how the wheels go round,

saw that Providence was on the side of the heaviest job distributor, and that the Captain Kidd Kerosene Finance Association trembled between the Roosevelt devil and the Democratic deep sea. To keep the pot boiling, while his own little machine was making, Theodore landed his imperial marines at Panama, kicked the effete Dagos off the earth, annexed a canal site, issued a proclamation, created a bunch of new fertilizing jobs for the class of '78 immune from yellow jack, and announced that it was all done for Collective Civilization, a nice new euphemism for international graft and breaking and entering. Then unfurling his banner of Roosevelt and Reform, he hurled his henchmen at Chicago, annexed the nomination, cowed the kickers, frustrated the financiers, denounced the Democracy, soaked the Sun dancers, issued forty yards of political prune juice and platitude, and graciously allowed the Has-Beens to ballast his kite with an Indiana Ice Wagon.

The Thomas Cat now licks cream on Theodore's kitchen steps, while the Van Lochinvar sits on the front piazza, showing his teeth, bossing the Republic, and saying to the Pilgrims of Democracy journeying from St. Louis: "Gentlemen, the Man on Horseback has played; it is now your move."

Joseph Smith.



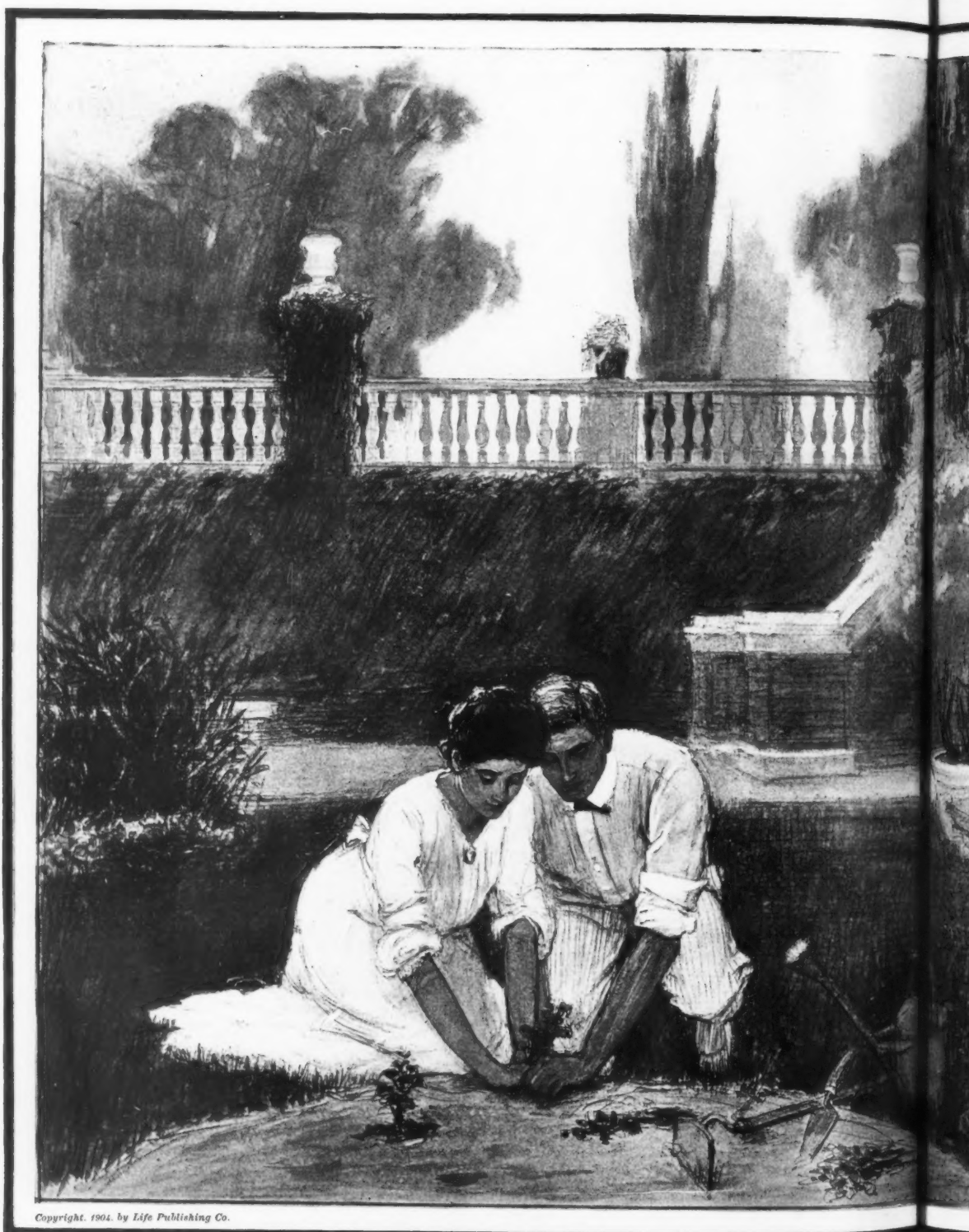
"MAMMA, WHAT KIND OF CHEESE DO THE MOON-PEOPLE THINK THE EARTH IS MADE OF?"



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"YOUNG MAN, DO YOU REALIZE THAT YOUR COLLEGE CAREER HAS COST ME TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS?"
"WELL, GOVERNOR, IT WAS WORTH IT."

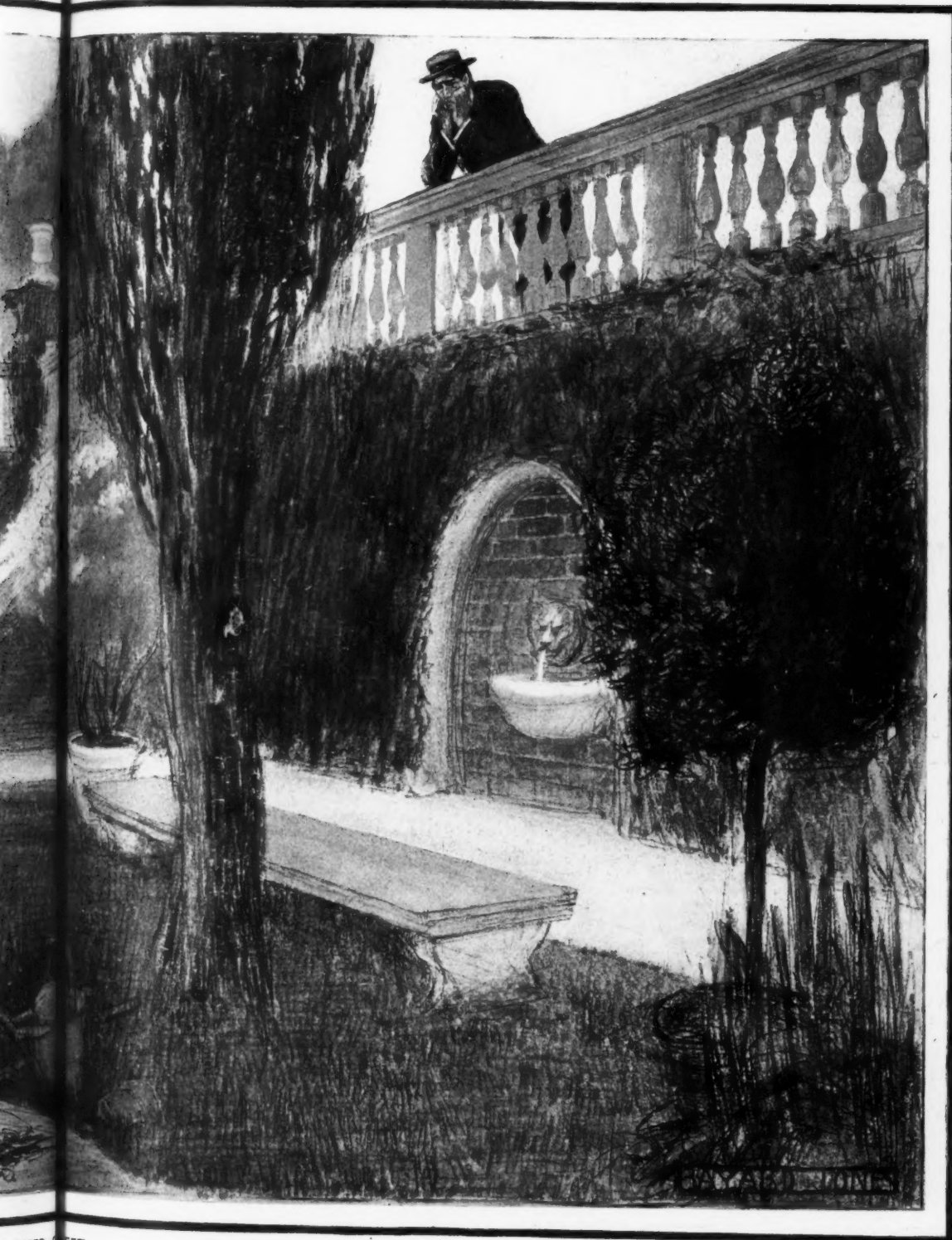


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BITTER-SWEET.

HOW BITTER A THING IT IS TO LOOK INTO BUSINESS TH

•LIFE•



BITTER-SWEET.

LOOK INTO BUSINESS THROUGH ANOTHER MAN'S EYES."

—As You Like It



THE JAPANESE DIET.

A Letter.

EDITOR OF LIFE.

Dear Sir: The issue of LIFE of May 19, 1904, is just at hand, the closing editorial of which begins: "A dispatch from Kenosha, Wisconsin, records that the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church has declined to accept a bequest of seventy-five thousand dollars from Mr. Cooper, who died in the Iroquois Theatre fire. The trouble is that Mr. Cooper went to the theatre."

A choice bit of "chrome yellow" this. LIFE gulped it down and then brayed. When such an unthinking piece of asininity appears in print, one loses its grim humor through an effort to discover the *animus* of it. Of all papers, why should LIFE unnecessarily elongate its ears in this way? It could not be from a conviction of the unworthiness of the foreign missionary enterprise, else it would have attempted to array the truth, at least, on its side. The shallowest thinker would see the palpable untruth of the "news"

from Kenosha. Any society which would consider "all theatre-goers as unclean," would take seventy-five thousand dollars and ask no questions. Moreover, the real supporters of foreign missions are not so ignorant of the work of the mission board they support, as to be misled by such a preposterous proposition as the one which gave rise to the editorial.

I will not say that three minutes at the telephone would have given LIFE the facts in the case, for this would accuse it of being a gossip-monger. But it has been guilty of peddling untruth at ten cents a copy, having first quoted Scripture to give it point.

A more excusable, but less worthy, statement made the editorial consistent; to wit, that such a missionary society "ought not to spend money to diffuse its own ideas." The message of the foreign missionary does not take its origin from a New York committee, but from the Nazarene Carpenter of love unflinching.

By all the canons of the cantankerous I

ought to cancel my wife's subscription to LIFE, but — "While there is Life there's Hope."

Very sincerely,

Burton St. John.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL MISSION,
TIENTSIN, CHINA, June 23, 1904.

A Sanguinary Jest.

THE President of the "Automobile Club of America," that mighty engine of mercy, has the effrontery to assert that "the Automobile Club of America, as repeatedly stated, stands for good roads, good laws and good behavior."

As a joke this may seem gruesome and bloody, but it certainly is funny.

Elevated.

"HOW much higher your yacht sits in the water than it did."

"Yes. We had a dinner party last night."



"A GARDEN RAKE"

The Diary of a Conductor.

MONDAY: To-day is one of the proudest ones of my life. I have been promoted from the New Haven local to the Boston express. My wages are still the same. The Superintendent says they will be, as the directors now have hard work to make both ends meet. But the responsibility is greater. I make my first run at noon to-morrow.

TUESDAY: I had to laugh to-day. About twenty minutes before my train was due to start, a man who was seeing his wife and three little children off to Hartford attempted to pass the gate. He had tickets for his family, but, of course, none for himself. "You can't get through here," said the ticket chap.

"But I want to see my family placed on the train."

"Gainst the rules of the company," said the ticket chap. The man was red-headed.

"I suppose this is the company's idea of accommodating the public," said the man.

"Exactly," said the ticket chap. "We can't be bothered with people seein' their friends off. It's bad enough to put up with the irritatin' ways of some of you passengers, anyway," he added with a cynical leer. "Come, now, don't block the entrance."

The man went off and bought a ticket for himself, and then, of course, the ticket chap had to let him through. That was what I call a low trick to play. But it cost him something, anyway.

WEDNESDAY: Beastly hot to-day. Going through the tunnel the brakeman caught a man with an open window.

"Close that window," he said.

"Can't get it down," said the man.

And he couldn't. It took three of us to do the trick. Something must be done about some of these car windows. There isn't a car on the road that's less than twenty years old, but still the windows ought to be easy. Probably they have gotten jammed with soot and need a chimney sweep.

THURSDAY: Woman fainted to-day from suffocation just after we left Grand Central. I had to wait ten minutes before I could punch her ticket. There was a fresh chap with her. He was fairly insulting.

"This is a great system," he yelled at me. "You put your old superannuated cars out in the yard and let 'em take in the sun until they are red-hot. Then you run 'em into the station, jam 'em full of passengers, and start 'em through a dark hole that isn't fit for a galley-slave."

I knew he was right and felt like telling him so, but didn't care to lose my job. When I spoke to the Superintendent about it afterward, he said: "We can't pay attention to these things. Why, if we did, it would take up all our time. Besides, the public know they'll have to submit."

FRIDAY: A fellow in one of the forward cars wouldn't give me his ticket to-day because he couldn't get a seat.

"Plenty of seats in the rear," said I. And I chased him back through the train about a half a mile to the rear car, which I hadn't put on till the last minute, when the rest of the train was jam full. The Superintendent has given me strict orders never to put on an extra car until the aisles of the other cars are crowded.

SATURDAY: Yesterday I applied for some accident insurance, and the agent was just about to make out my application, when he said:

"What's your business?"

"I am a conductor on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad," said I, in my usual haughty manner.

"Not on *your* life," said the agent.

T. M.

Another Idol Shattered.

WHAT was the matter with Magistrate Cornell? Did the terrible words of the President of the "Automobile Club of America" scare him?

LIFE was sorry to see this Magistrate "crawl," but it is time, perhaps, for United States Judges to realize that the will of the "Automobile Club of America" is to be respected, and no words about it, either.

However, we regret this Magistrate's abasement, as the general public was beginning to entertain for him the admiration that often follows the man with a spine.

Some compensation comes in the action of Judge Dunwell of the Supreme Court, who, according to *The New York Herald*, "signaled a big automobile to slow down, but no attention was paid. The horses grew panicky and Mrs. Dunwell a trifle excited, at which the Judge jumped out of the carriage, and, standing at the head of the horses, signaled more vigorously for the chauffeur to slow up. No attention was paid to this. Judge Dunwell was thoroughly angry, and he reached down and seized several large stones. Then, planting himself squarely in the road, he awaited the arrival of the 'red devil.' But it did not come. The chauffeur saw danger ahead and he brought his machine to a standstill on the side of the road."

But it is not always safe to leave one's carriage. What shall we do in that case? Use a revolver?

"I SEE Bilkins lost all his money in Wall Street that he made in his book!"

"What was the name of his book?"

"It was called *A Guide to Wall Street*."

THE LATEST BOOKS

OCCASIONALLY, as in *Istar of Babylon*, Margaret Horton Potter attains, by a method intensely realistic, a wide though barbaric ideality. But her talent is erotic as well as erratic, and she is oftener read to see what she will do next than in hopes of what she may achieve. Her new book, *The Flame Gatherers*, is characteristically daring but artistically unsuccessful. It is based on an Indian tale of the reincarnation of the souls of two erring lovers in one misshapen body, but the ingenuous mysticism of the Orient is lost in Mrs. Black's vivid and uncompromising detail.

A volume half idyl, half nature book and wholly restful is *A Bachelor in Arcady*, by Halliwell Sutcliffe. A quiet book, full of daydreams, suggestions of English country peace, the love of old acres and old walls—things which we have sacrificed to our more strenuous gods.

Miss Hallie Erminie Rives's romance, *The Castaway*, founded upon the life of Lord Byron, is a brilliant bit of quasi-historical casuistry. That George Gordon should be presented to us in the guise of a Sir Galahad is, in itself, a novelty. That the presentation should be made by the author of *Burning Flax* and *A Furnace of Earth* is nothing short of revolutionary.

Fort Amity is an essentially readable story of the French and Indian war by A. T. Quiller-Couch. "Q" is a born teller of stories, and the charm that goes with that birthright is potent even in face of the evidence of hurried composition which this volume bears throughout. Yet it is a pity to find a man of unquestioned talent making too great haste to mint the gold that's hidden in his ink-well.

H. C. Ritchie, in *Trusts versus The Public Welfare*, offers us another and a rather concise summary of the alleged information made public by these corporations, or extracted by legislative investigation from witnesses too willing or too unwilling. When, however, he comes to an expression of his own views, Mr. Ritchie fairly splutters. There are even occasions, so to say, when his argumentative propeller is out of water and his entire rhetorical structure is racked from stem to stern.

Pamela Congreve is a new story by Frances Aymar Mathews, dealing, like *My Lady Peggy Goes to Town*, with the eighteenth century London of fops and beaux. The tale of Peggy was the frankest and most inconsequential of light comedy, a toothsome bit of literary sponge-cake and whipped cream. That of Pamela is a melodrama compounded

of like materials, and is only recommended to readers with an inveterate sweet tooth.

If there be any method, usual or unusual, likely or unlikely, by which a woman may make a living, at which Cynthia Westover Alden has not hinted in *Women's Ways of Earning Money*, it is certainly beyond the masculine imagination. The volume is the first number of the Women's Home Library, edited by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Flame Gatherers. By Margaret Horton Potter. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

A Bachelor in Arcady. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Thomas Y. Crowell and Company. \$1.50.)

The Castaway. By Hallie Erminie Rives. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

Fort Amity. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

Trusts versus The Public Welfare. By H. C. Ritchie. (R. F. Fennell and Company.)

Pamela Congreve. By Frances Aymar Mathews. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

Women's Ways of Earning Money. By Cynthia Westover Alden. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$1.00.)

Pleasures of the Road.

FROM a recent issue of *The New York Herald* we clip these items. Every issue of almost every daily paper contains just such news.

NEWPORT, R. I., Thursday.—Mr. Reginald C. Vanderbilt was fined \$15 and costs, in all \$17.60, this afternoon for speeding his automobile beyond the limit allowed by law. It was his second offence, he having been arraigned on a similar complaint last year, and so Judge Baker raised the fine from \$10 and costs, which is paid by those committing their first offence, to \$15 and costs, the rate for those who transgress the law the second time.

Mr. Vanderbilt paid up, and, after a pleasant chat with Judge Baker, returned to Sandy Point.

Mr. E. Maitland Armstrong also contributed \$12.50 to the support of the State this morning for the privilege of running his automobile in Bellevue Avenue last evening faster than the law permits.

Whitney Chauffeur Freed by Court.

On the declaration of his lawyer that criminal action was brought for the purpose of bolstering up a civil suit to follow, Magistrate Baker, in the Harlem Police Court, yesterday discharged Joseph Conover, twenty-five years old, a chauffeur, of No. 357 West Nineteenth Street, who was arrested Wednesday night at Park Avenue and Ninety-sixth Street, charged with reckless driving and with assault in running down a woman with a baby in a carriage.

Conover refused to say who his employer was. The automobile, a large, French touring car, bore a monogram which looked like the intertwined letters "C. E. W." and a license tag, "4-954-N. J." Conover said the owner lived in Red Bank, N. J.

William O. Coulter, a hotel keeper of Saybrook, Conn., whose automobile ran over Alfred C. McQuestion, a motorman, on July 10, at One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Street and Third Avenue, causing injuries from which he died next day at Harlem Hospital, was discharged yesterday by Coroner Jackson. In its verdict the Coroner's jury blamed Coulter, but did not hold him guilty of criminal negligence. Thomas S. Leroy, Jr., counsel for McQuestion's family, declared that he

would call the attention of the District Attorney to the case.

And the owners of these machines appear to be surprised when pedestrians and drivers of horses indulge themselves in throwing stones, with hints at shooting.

Presidential Victims.

TALES have reached us of strange doings in Washington regarding Miss Alice Roosevelt. We have heard of ladies who remained standing until she was seated; that it was etiquette never to leave lunches, etc., before this personage had departed; also other goings-on equally depressing. We are, indeed, a silly people when fairly launched!

The President, for the sake of his children, might well ask to be defeated at the coming election. There was Miss Alice, who, on the occasion of her visit to St. Louis, received such flunkey attentions as the rising of a whole church congregation while she passed out. And now three of the boys, also visiting the Exposition, are being lodged by the management in six pretentious connecting rooms at the Inside Inn, and will be favored with a special band concert every afternoon. It cannot be helpful to the children, and is disgusting to everybody else.—*Springfield Republican*.

A congregation!

Verily, this unfortunate young lady and her brothers should be kept at home until November.

At The Hague.

"**W**HAT'S that building, pa?"

"That, my son, is the Temple of Peace."

"What's it for?"

"It's a sort of club where nations wrangle between wars."

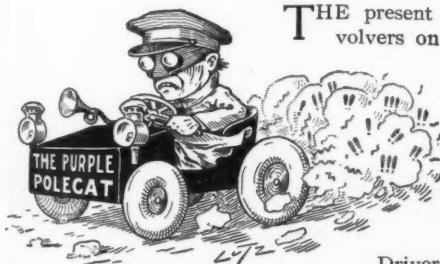


"IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME."



"WHY, MOTHER! HOW SHOULD I KNOW WHERE MR. WINSTON'S GLASSES ARE?"

Question of Shooting.



THE present interest in using revolvers on speeding autos has stirred up a variety of opinions. Chauffeurs and owners of automobiles appear to think that shooting at passing machines is an undesirable custom.

Drivers of horses, on the other hand, together with pedestrians and parents of small children, seem to be strong in the faith that the disabling of chauffeurs is a work of public safety. The protesting class is certainly in the majority.

The patient American seems at last to be waking up to the fact that security on the public highway must be achieved by force of arms. The law gives no protection. That the victim must prove the rate of speed of the attacking machine is merely adding insult to injury—only mocking at calamity.

If the driver of a horse, believing the safety of himself and others with him to be imperiled, were to shoot and kill

an automobilist, would any American jury fail to support the shooter?

Small.

"HOW small have you felt?" she asked anxiously. "Well," he replied, "I have felt as small as a man in the presence of the head plumber."

"That isn't enough."

"I have felt as small as the Prohibition nominee for Vice-President."

She shook her head.

"Or as a man when his wife catches him in a lie."

"That isn't anything."

"I have felt as small as the man who made a righteous complaint to the president of a trolley line."

She shook her head again sadly.

"That isn't anything to the way I feel," she said. "You know I have never been to Europe, and I've been talking with a girl who has just returned."

Worth It.

"SONNY, ain't you afraid that such a big cigar will make you sick?"

"Well, sir, I don't mind bein' sick in a cause like this."



TOMMY'S SUSPICIONS.

My daddy says that when he was
A boy, he never cried
Ner run away from school to go
A-swimmin'; never tried
To cut a lickin', never failed
To do as he was bid—
(Well, maybe daddy didn't, then—
But gran'ma says he did!)

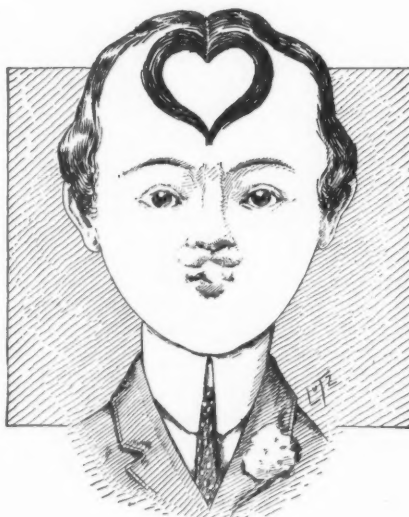
My daddy brags a lot about
The way boys acted when
He was a boy. (Gee! but they must
'A' been 'most angels then!)
He says he never dared to peep
Beneath the cakebox lid—
(Well, maybe not; but, anyway,
My gran'ma says he did!)

"I never tied a tin can to
A dog's tail in my life!"
Says daddy. "An' I never carved
My 'nitals with a knife
In great big glarin' capitals
On the piano lid"—
(That's what he told me sollumly—
But gran'ma says he did!)

"I never cared for circuses
An' brass bands an' such things"
(Say—honest! that's just what he said!),
"An' tops an' devil slings.
I never waited after school
To lick some other kid."
(He says he never done those things—
But gran'ma says he did!)

Say! but my gran'ma's mighty wise;
She knew my daddy when
He was a little runt, an' says
He was a terror then!
He says he never cut up none
The times he was a kid—
(I know I ought to b'lieve him, but
My gran'ma says he did!)
—Lowell Otus Reese, in *Leslie's Weekly*.

LORD KITCHENER, of the British Army, recently made an army order placing the regimental schoolmaster at the disposal of officers, that they might have an opportunity to complete their elementary educations—a good instance of his grim humor. But it has often been demonstrated that the schoolmaster is needed among the British officers. Some queer, quaint efforts at composition have been made in brigade orders. A certain major ordained not long ago that: "*Reveillé* will be at 3:30 A. M. The brigade



LOVE LOCKS.

will parade at 4 A. M. The brigade will move at 4:15 A. M. The sun will rise at 5 A. M." It was during the guerrilla war of 1901-'2 after the building of the blockhouses, that it became necessary to check the

habit of the men of sleeping outside the blockhouses for the sake of coolness and comfort. A certain staff officer thereupon issued the following quaint order: "No one is permitted to sleep outside the blockhouses *except the sentries*." Thirdly, though the intention of this order is clear, its phraseology is not: "Men on outpost duty are forbidden to strike matches on the sky-line."—*Argonaut*.

A LIVELY looking porter stood on the rear platform of a sleeping-car in the Pennsylvania station, when a fussy and choleric old man clambered up the steps. He stopped at the door, puffed for a moment and then turned to the young man in uniform.

"Porter," he said, "I'm going to St. Louis, to the fair. I want to be well taken care of. I pay for it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir, but"—

"Never mind any 'buts.' You listen to what I say. Keep the train boys away from me. Dust me off whenever I want you to. Give me an extra blanket, and if there is any one in the berth over me, slide him into another. I want you to"—

"But, say, boss, I"—

"Young man, when I'm giving instructions, I prefer to do the talking myself. You do as I say. Here is a two-dollar bill. I want to get the good of it. Not a word, sir."

The train was starting. The porter pocketed the bill with a grin and swung himself to the ground.

"All right, boss!" he shouted. "You can do the talking if you want to. I'm powerful sorry you wouldn't let me tell you—but I ain't going out on that train."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

On his last visit to America, Paderewski, the eminent pianist and composer, was introduced, somewhat against his will, to a man of little apparent culture who professed great interest in music and much intimacy with its finer phases.

"We artists, you know, Mr. Paderewski," he remarked, "have our moods and tastes in common, which the ordinary man is incapable of understanding or sympathizing with. You, Mr. Paderewski, have your instrument, to which your life is a devotion, and I have mine. I rejoice in you as a brother artist."

"And what," inquired the great virtuoso, with desperate politeness, "is your instrument, Mr. —?"

"The mandolin, sir," was the proud response.—*Harper's Weekly*.

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HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

Our Modern Primer.



WHAT is this that we see before us? On my life, it is a wedding. How pretty the church looks. It is filled with white and yellow flowers. Also people. Look at the people crane their necks. Yes, the wedding procession is coming up the aisle. See the bride. How pale she looks. That is because she has been under such a strain. But the groom looks pale also. Yes, he has been under a great strain, too. Will the strain end when the wedding is over? We think not. We have a dim idea that it is just beginning. Now, look at the minister. How thoughtful he is. Yes, he is wondering how much he will get. See him take the ring from the best man. The best man is not so pale as the groom. Oh, no. His hand is steady. His eye is bright. He knows that when the thing is over he can go back to his club and do as he pleases. That is why he is not nervous.

What a plain ring it is. Yes, it is just as plain as it can be. How long will it last? We wish we knew. But we do not. Perhaps fifty years, perhaps twelve months. Who can tell? And now hear the music. What is that for? Don't you know? That is the wedding march. The knot has been tied and they are going out again. See the relatives whisper. How happy the bride's mother looks. Yes, that is because she is relieved. And now the bride and groom step into the carriage. Where can they be going? We cannot tell exactly. Some say Niagara. Some say Washington. Some say South Dakota.

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BROTHER DICKEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

"De Bible tell de sluggard ter go ter de ant; but in dese days de most er dem goes ter de father-in-law."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"Miss PASSAY hasn't any beau at all, has she?"

"No, her past discourages suitors."

"Why, there's nothing the matter with her past, is there?"

"Nothing, except that it's too long."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

BACON. Well, I see you've been investing in an electric fan.

EGBERT. Oh, yes, I thought I'd blow myself.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

INFANTS THRIVE

on cow's milk that is not subject to any change of composition. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is always the same in all climates.

"So you lost your position as undertaker's assistant?"

"Yes. You see, I used to be a conductor on a street car, and I couldn't get out of the way of telling people to step lively, please."—*Washington Star*.

"BEEN in a fight?" asked the inquisitive person.

"Not exactly," replied the absent-minded man.

"While shaving myself this morning, I tried to lather my face with the razor."—*Chicago Daily News*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

"A JUDGE will sit on his bench all day and say fifty times, 'You are discharged,' remarked the observer of events and things; 'but when he goes home and his wife requests him to go into the kitchen and repeat those words to the cook, he's ready for the woods.'"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THEY are digging up the oldest city in the world in Babylonia. Here in the United States they dig up the newest city in the world every day.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet*.

As we understand the current interpretation of international law, the seizure of a vessel on the high seas is a mistake or an act of piracy according to the size of the navy of the victimized nation.—*The Washington Post*.

LITTLE WILLIE: Say, pa, what's the good of war, anyway?

PA: It takes a lot of brass bands to the front, my son.—*Chicago Daily News*.

BRIGGS: What is the height of happiness?

GRIGGS: A back piazza, a pretty girl and a Fonseca cigar.

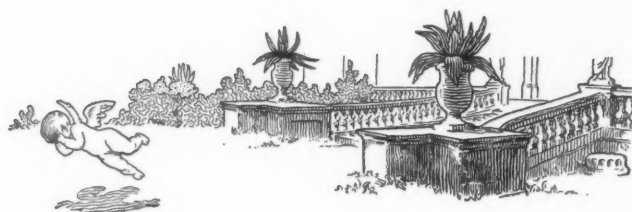
GARDENER: This here is a tobacco plant in full flower.

LADY: How very interesting! And how long will it be before the cigars are ripe?—*New Yorker*.

"WAITER! If this is your Rhine wine, it never saw that river—or else it has seen too much of it."—*Sporting Times*.

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By J. A. MITCHELL



An extremely unusual story, that holds the attention to the very end.

—*New York Sun*.



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The Guidance of Reason.

THE villagers were all gathered round the little store, talking about Sam Jones's lost colt. It was a two-year-old and had strayed out of the pasture lot the day before. Sam was worried about it, the neighbors had all been out looking for it without success, and no one seemed to know where to look for it.

Jim stood there, looking on and listening. Jim was a tall, lank young fellow, regarded as half-witted by some persons and as foolish by others.

"I think I could find your h-horse," he said to Sam Jones.

"You? Why, Jim, how do you think you could find him when we have had the best men in town out looking for him?"

"Wal," said Jim, "I could try, couldn't I?"

"Yes," answered the owner, "you can try, and if you find him I'll give you a dollar."

"All right," said Jim, and walked away on his search. To the surprise of all, he returned in less than half an hour, leading the missing horse by a rope tied round his neck.

"Well, well!" said Jones, as he took the horse and paid Jim the dollar, "how in the world did you find him so quick?"

Jim answered in his long drawn out words, "Why, I thought, 'Now if I was a horse, where would I go?' And so I went there, and he had."—*Youth's Companion.*

English as She Is Wrote.

A NEWLY opened establishment in the heart of the city has sent out a circular of which the subjoined is a portion:

"Our Fabrik is fitted up with all the most modern and indispensable electric machinery to the preparation and manufacturing of meats according to the European and American proceedings. Our manufactory is fitted up in such conditions as to guarantee our products for its good quality and hygienic cleanness. They are sent to home if desire. We serve also petitions of sandwiches, at \$6 a hundred. Requests at gross must be made to the Fabrik or to the above said Sucursal."—*Mexican Herald.*

IT is a foregone conclusion that no mistake will be made when the vacation planner decides upon the one which will take him for a sail upon the broad bosom of the noble Hudson, which stands pre-eminent among the world's majestic rivers. The steamers "New York" and "Albany" are veritable palaces, affording the traveler every comfort that the most fastidious or epicurean taste can demand.

"HIS wife is an ardent temperance worker, isn't she?"

"Yes; she won't travel in the West because she heard that the climate is stimulating."—*Cleveland Leader.*

A BOOKKEEPER—the man to whom you lend one —*Philadelphia Record.*

*In every bottle of Evans' Ale
you get two glasses
full to the brim
with the fragrance of a field
of ripe hops
and a sparkling string
of beady foam around the brim
like pearls in an
amber setting.
Evans' is the only ale
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AN ARRIVAL AT THE SEASHORE.—*Journal Amusant.*

GORDON'S DRY GIN

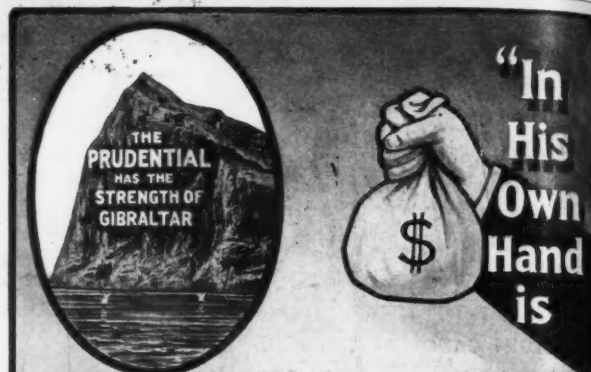
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